

Court of Apollo,

BEING A

COLLECTION

OF

NEW SONGS.

Sung this Season at Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Sadler's
Well, the Theatres, and in the most polite Compa-
nies.



CONTAINING

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|-------------------------------|--|
| 1. The Maid of Primrose Hill. | 9. Admiral Parker's late Engagement. |
| 2. Canon de Malbrook. | 10. The Sailor's Wish. |
| 3. Lover and Shepherds. | 11. Highland Laddies. |
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| 5. Love in my Pocket. | 13. Nancy's Complaint for her Jemmy. |
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| 7. The Fox. | 15. The new Married Woman's
Resolution. |
| 8. The Topfalls. | |

1. MAID of Primrose Hill.

T WAS under Primrose Hill there
liv'd

A sweet and pretty maid,
Not Venus cou'd give more delight,
When you her charms survey'd;

For the lillies fair,
And the roses there,
They did combine,
And both entwine,

To form a beauty rare,
This fair one many suitors had,
But treated them with scorn,
'Till William who could play and
dance,

Come piping o'er the lawn,
He sung so sweet,
Was drest so neat,
That maidens fair,
They did declare,

Their love for William great,
Sweet Maid of Primrose Hill, he
cry'd,

I come a wooing here,
Then do not you my love reject,
Nor treat it too severe;
For my heart so true,
Is fix'd on you,
I'll constant be,
To only thee,

Thou flower of rosy hue,
The Maid she gave her heart a toss,
Reply'd with scornful air,
I wonder that you can to me,
Your fruitless love declare;

For suitors great,
In land estate,
Have offer'd me,
Their bride to be,

So you do come too late.

Then William hung his head with
grief,

And said proud girl adieu,
I'll quit your charms for war's alarms,
And glory I'll pursue;

For love shall yield,
To Mars the field.

The life and drum,
Invite to come,

I'll poise the spear and shield.

Then with a smile she call'd him
back,

And said dear William stay,
I did but jest to try your love,
So go not now away;

Then with a kiss,
He seal'd his bliss,
She did agree,
His bride to be,

And nam'd the happy day.

Then to church they went with sweet
content,

The bells rang all was joy,
Their hands were join'd in hymen's
bands,

Their bliss will never cloy;
For they love all day,

At night toy and play,
Who'll so happy be,
As he and she,

For their lives are always May.

2. Chanson De Malbrook.

GREAT Marlborough is not dead,
Miron-ton-ton-miron,
Great Marlborough is not dead,
As it was by some long said,
As it was by some long said,
As it was by some long said,
Great Marlborough is not dead,
Miron ton, &c.

Great Marlborough is not dead,
Miron-ton, &c.

Great Marlborough is not dead,
As it was by some long said,

But comes with vaste renown, Miron-
ton, &c.

To tell what he has done, &c.

In battle he has slain, Miron ton, &c.

The pride of France and Spain, &c.

Buremonde, likewise Venlo, Miron-
ton, &c.

With ease he made come to, &c.

And Stevensworth with Liege, Miron-
ton, &c.

Cou'd not endure his Siege, &c.

Limburgh, and famous Bonne, Miron-
ton, &c.

He quickly made his own, &c.



Frenchmen cried marblieu,
Miron-ton, &c.

What could they do &c.

At Shellenburgh the same, Miron-
ton, &c.

Encreasing still his fame &c.

In Blenheim's fated field, Miron-
ton, &c.

His enemies must yield, &c.

The Battle it was hard, Miron-
ton, &c.

He took the great Tallard, &c.

And every one must know, Miron-
ton, &c.

He laid our lillies low, &c.

At Ramelies again, Miron-ton, &c.

Hedy'd with blood the plain, &c.

In triumph now he comes, Miron-
ton, &c.

With trumpets, flag and drum, &c.

Then Marlborough is not dead,
Miron-ton-ton-ton miron.

Then Marlborough is not dead,

As false report has said.

As false report has said,

As false report has said,

Then Marlborough is not dead,
Miron-ton, &c.

Then Marlborough is not dead,
As false report has said.

3. Lover and Shepherd's.

I was my chance to meet my dear,
Whom I so highly adore.

Within a pleasant shady bower,

Just as the sun did rise;

The bird did sing melodiously,

And pleasant was the air,

And there was none but she and I

Amongst the lillies fair.

She thro' the dewy grass did wade,

Which seem'd her to annoy;

I pursued her, and to her said,

My dear and only joy,

How happens thou so soon this way,

Thy journey to pursue,

Before bright Phœbus' gilding beams.

Dry up the morning dew?

She said, I am going to my flocks,

My ewe and tender lambs,

Amongst the vallies and the rocks,

Are feeding with their dams,

Where I have peace and good content

Happy I am indeed;

So hand in hand away she went,

Where she her flocks did feed.

I said, my dear, 'tis for your sake,

I would land a sea,

But my heart was like to break,

Whenever I thought on thee;

But since I am return'd again,

If thou wilt but comply,

Free you will quit the raging main,

With you will live and die.

It was beneath a myrtle tree,

We did both sport and play,

My love with blushes and modesty,

Would often sigh and say,

In vallies here with me remain,

Where pleasures daily flow

Then with a sigh he says again,

From me you ne'er shall go.

Since we so happily did meet,

Bless'd be the powers above,

Take me all your kisses,

Sweet pledges of my love;

In vallies here we live,

In joy and merriment,

Thou ne'er shall want what I can

To crown thee with content.

4. Unkind Shepherdess.

*I*LL spread these green branches

all over my young, (she sang,

So well I do like my love, so sweetly

Was there ever a man in so happy a

state, (great

As I with my Flora, my Flora so

I'll go to my Flora, and to her I'll stay,

We both will be marry'd, it wants

but one day; (it is to come,

One day, says the fair-one, that da

For to marry so early my age is too
young (we return,

We'll first go to service and when
We both will be married in the next
town; (here to cry,

Will you go to service and I love me -
O yes! lovely shepherd, I will tell you
for why (went,

It happened so, and to service she
To wait on a lady it was her intent;
Young Flora met with some young
lady gay, (ar ay

Who clashed young Flora in c'stly
Near a twelvemonth or after a letter
was sent, (her intent,

It was three or four lines for to know
She wrote that she liv'd such a con-
sistent life,

That she never did intend to become a
young shepherd's wife.

These words and expressions will press
like a dart, (my heart,

I'll pluck up my spirits, and cheer up
In hopes that she never will write so
any more, (many times before.

But her answer has convinc'd me as
My ewes and my lambs; will bid them
adieu, (here with you,

My bagpipes and budget I will leave
My shepherd's crook and black dog I'll
leave here behind, (her mind

Since Flora, young Flora, has changed
5. Love in my Pocket.

COME all you pretty maidens, I
pray now proceed, (read;

I pray give attention to what I shall
Don't credit those young men, for they
will you praise,

And the Devil himself can't be more
foolish than they.

They woo you, and sooth you, and swear
they you love,

And the very next moment inconstant
they prove; (you in scorn.

But when they go from you, they hold

'Tis a pity such young men should
be born, (you

They'll pull off their hats & bow,
They bow with their bodies, and wink
without eyes; (he it appea,

But when they go from you, they'll
The best they have for you is a scoff
and a jeer (prov a kind,

I once had a sweetheart, to me he
But now I am inform'd he has chang'd
his mind; (n, no I,

Does he think I'll grieve for him, no,
For I am resolv'd some other to try.

He thought that he'd ik'd me when
from me he went.

But he has harden'd my heart, it is
harder than flint, (no, no I,

Does he think I'll grieve for him, no,
For I am resolv'd some other to try.

I've love in my pocket, but none in my
heart, (one part,

I set my love light, and give every
Come take me, or leave me, or else let
me go, (me or no.

I care not a pin whether he'll have
I will live single in better content,

Altho' I'm depriv'd I will not lament,
These directions I had from bright
Venus above,

And she told me it was a folly to love.
6. The Cruel Captain.

A Maid n fair in Plymouth did
dwell,

As I be true to you will tell;
An Irish captain courted her we hear,

He oft times swore he lov'd her dear.
Then Sunday being the fourth of May,

A pleasuring they went to view the sea;
A lin the boat as you shall know,

Alas! he prov'd he never lov'd her.
O Betsey now you must agree,

And give consent to lie with me;
I never will Sir, whilst thou art my wife,

Until I am your wedded wife.
Close in the boat he did her confine,

make her yield unto his mind;
 He ravish'd her as you shall hear,
 While this fair maid shed many a tear.
 Now you have had your will of me,
 Convey me safe to land, says she;
 No, no, to land you ne'er shall go,
 For overboard your body I'll throw.
 Then on her knees she went straitway,
 And begg'd of him her life to save;
 This villain he made no more to do,
 But overboard her body threw
 All in a merchant's place she dwell'd,
 And in her service was lik'd well;
 Her mistress she did sorely grieve,
 To know what was become of she.

On Wednesday after, as you'll under-
 stand,

Her body was found on the sea sand:
 Her mistress wrung her hands, and
 said,

Alas! this is my servant maid.
 Then she was took to fair Plymouth
 town,

And in her breast a note was found;
 These lines they are to let you know,
 'Twas Captain Fitz-sprovd my over-
 throw.

Now he has made his own escape,
 Tho' on her body did commit a rape;
 He drown'd her after, as you shall
 hear,

And into Ireland he is got clear.

7. The FOX.

MOST gentlemen take delight,
 In hunting bold Reynard the fox,
 Near to Gaffer Gilding I lay,

I fed upon fat geese and ducks.
 'Tis near to Gaffer Gilding I lay,

Not thinking so soon I should die,
 I was chas'd by a fresh pack of hounds,
 Caus'd me from my country to fly.

Lord Jones for the king's hound's
 did send,

Jerry Balsam he swore I should die;

I have left your brothers behind me,
 That love young lambs better than I.
 'Tis over stone fields where I trambled,
 Where the blood-thirsty hounds did
 follow;

They made my old coat stand an end,
 For to hear how the huntsman did
 hollow:

Oft times I have been surpriz'd,
 By dogs that could run like a cow,
 But in all the whole course of my life,
 I was ne'er out of breath till now.
 Full forty five miles have I run,
 I have run them in three hours
 space;

O pardon dear huntsman and hound,
 So boldly I follow'd the chase.
 As by Simon Suard's I run,
 Where the game-keeper shot thro'
 my thigh,

O pardon dear huntsman and hound,
 By this fatal wound I shall die.
 It was in Stone fields they kill'd me,
 Where the blood-thirsty hounds did
 me follow;

They tore my old jacket to pieces,
 And there gave the huntsman's
 loud hollow.

But since old Reynard you have kill'd
 You may go to the Dolphin and dine,
 And put his fore paw in a bumper,
 And drink my Lord's health in
 wine.

8. The TOPSAILS.

THE sailor boldly ploughs the deep,
 And roams from shore to shore,
 And when the landman's fast asleep,
 Here stormy billows roar;

Yet in the midst of dangers round,
 His thoughts to home are constant
 found

When I remark'd the stars at night,
 Within my mind it came,

My Jenny at that moment might be

Perhaps, have done the same;
Then bemo my thoughts would fly
once more,

And fancy former bliss restore.
When wounded in the battle's rage,
And all was war and strife,
She only did my thoughts engage,
And made me wish for life;
For if I'm kill'd, I oft did cry,
I know my constant girl will die.

9. Admiral Parker's late Engage-
ment.

ON a summer's Sunday morning,
Ere the sun had shewn his face,
Gallant Parker, danger scorning,
Spy'd a sail, and call'd to chase.
For the action all got ready,
Seeming fear no breast belet;
Chiefs more brave, and men more
steady,

Never on the ocean met.
Now begins the deadly thunder,
Noise and rage disturb the flood;
Distant shores are struck with won-
der;

Every deck is stain'd with blood!
Stout the vessels, great the slaughter,
Many from the bloody fray,
Lay like wrecks upon the water,
Masts and rigging tore away.
Close and fierce began the firing,
Briskly answering gun for gun:

Every moment lives expiring,
Not a ship attempts to run:
Forty minutes and three hours,
Did this dreadful combat hold;
And of two contending powers,
Which prevail'd could scarce be
told.

Fame, to honour each bold sailor,
Thro' the world should make known,
On the wave that British valour,
Never more conspicuous shone.
From his colours no one shrinking,
But upon the stormy main,

Dutchmen saw the Holland sink.
Ne'er, alas! to rise again
Though to conquest great is founded,
Let the heart to pity crave,
Speedy comfort for the wounded,
For they need a wat'ry grave.
Commerce at the conflict weeping,
Cries, My sons your rage give o'er,
Faith in treaties henceforth keeping,
Close the breach and war no more.

10. THE SAILOR'S WAIL.

COME all you wild boar-men,
A warning take by me,
And see you go no more,
Into a foreign country.
As I myself have done
The very last day in May,
I parted from all friends,
For I could no longer stay,
When I came to see,
What a valiant man was I,
To fight in my King's behalf,
For to bear us company.
Our ship shew'd us rig'd and mann'd,
And all things fitting for sea,
Five hundred and forty good men,
For to bear us company
As we were sailing along,
The very first thing we did spy,
Were five sail of French men of war,
And for us they did lay by.
We hoisted all our topsails,
And our bloody flag we let fly,
Prepar'd was every man,
For the Lord know who must die.
Our captain was wounded full sore,
And so were most of our men,
Our yards and our masts being gone,
We were forc'd to strike to them.
Our decks being sprinkled with blood,
Our great guns aloud did roar;
I could wish myself at home,
With my own dearest girl on shore.
She is a tall and likely lass,
She has a black and rolling eye.

And lay bleeding on the deck,
And 'tis for her sake I die.
If I had wings like a dove,
I would fly up to the air,
And there I would range the world,
Till I find out my love y dear.

II Highland LADIE.

ONE day I can't do now
Down by a shady grove,
To pass some dull hours away,
Wee be eath a myrtle shade.

I saw a lovely maid,
On her spinning sweetly she did play,
For to give me delight
This charming lady bright,

On her concert she sung very sad,
Saying, Unhappy girl am I,
Who now for love must die

For my bonny bonny Highland Lad
I drew a little near,
The better for to hear,

This fair maid she sung on,
My love is forced away,
I know not where to stay,

He is my handsome charming man,
If in battle he is slain,
All pleasures disdain,

I shall be undistracted and mad,
But still I hope to see
My love before I die.

For my bonny, bonny Highland Lad.
If I knew but where he
To find my dearest dear

I would search the world around,
I'll dress in man's attire,
And for him I'd enquire,

Where he was to be found,
Thro' lonesome woods I'd stray,
Lamenting night and day.

I'd leave my mam and dad,
I often sigh and moan,
Wishing his safe return,

My bonny, Highland Lad.
When first my love I see,
It was at Aberdeen,

My senses were from me flown.

He is proper, smart, and tall,
And come, wit' me.

He is my handsome charming man,
His love, air and mein,

Well deserve a queen,
Alas, is fortune's bad.

But still I hope to see

My love before I die,

For my bonny, bonny Highland Lad.

2. Valentine's Morn

ON Valentine's day, in the morn-
ing betimes,

And she was a favourite girl of
mine, (entire.

And she fain would be my Va-

I took her round the middle so small,

And laid her across the bed,

But what I did there I never will

declare,

To keep close her maidenhead.

I took her by the lilly white hand,

And led her into the garden so

green,

(declare,

But what I did there I never will

But the garden leaves are plain to

be seen,

(and past,

When three long months were gone

This young sailor he came riding by,

She said, Young man, I am with

child by you,

And the same thing you can't deny.

Fair maid, you may be with child,

But the child may be none of mine,

Without you tell me when and how,

And the very first hour and the time.

O yes, I can tell you where and

when.

The very first hour and time

I'll die if you won't consent to marry,

And lay in a goal close confin'd.

Then he consented to marry this

fair girl,

And to marry her without delay,

But instead of being married to this

fair girl,

He took shipping, and sailed away.

When seven long years were gone
and past,

This sailor returned with his hands
full of gold, (absence,
She never blamed him for his long
Nor his courage for being so bold.

13. *NANCY's Complaint for her
Sweetheart JEMMY.*

NANCY for her sweetheart
weeping,

To the gods she did implore,
Heavens from each danger keep
him,

Return him to his native shore.
O cruel press-gang to impress him,
Thus they've robb'd me of my
dear;

O ye gods! how I'd caress him,
If my true love was but here.
Tall and comely in behaviour,

Gentle in his air and mien,
Sure such wicked men were never,
Thus to press my faithful swain,

In those arms with soft embraces,
On my breast his head he'd lay,
Sure no Shepherd had such graces,

But my Jemmy's forc'd away.
Neptune with thy aid befriend him,
While he's on the raging main,

From his enemies defend him,
Bring him safe to me again;
Cease, rude Boreas, cease thy blas-

ter, 10 JU
Give the troubled ocean cal,
All thy softest breezes muffle,

Waft him gently o'er the seas,
When please God returns my
Jemmy, (we'll live,

To some neighbouring church
There the priest his hand shall give
me,

And in Wedlock bands us tie,
We the mutual bliss enjoying,

On the pains we'll tend our
the p, (e i g,
Each night with melting kisses
'Till we gently fall asleep.

14. *A New SONG.*
CUPID god of pleasing anguish

Teach the enamour'd swain to
languish,

Teach him fierce desires to know,
Teach him fierce desires to know.
Heroes would be lost in story,

Did not love inspire their glory,
Love does all that's great below,
Cupid God of pleasing anguish,

From those shafts I bleed and burn,
Teach the enamour'd maid to languish,
Strike fair Flora in her turn.

15. *The New Married Woman's Resolution.*
YE wives, and ye widows, and ye maidens
attend

To my resolutions which here I have penn'd,
I'm a woman of Britain you must understand,
And as such am entitled to take the right hand.
Twenty-three is my age, and I'm just made a
wife, (life;

And I hope to live happy and peaceful thro'
My husband I'll honour, and love and obey,
If he by example first shows me the way.
The husband's the head, as they write, I agree,

And by that they allow us part of the body;
So no more tyrannizing, but equal and free,
I'll own him the master, but mistress I'll be.
Now if that my husband his work he does
mind;

He always shall find me both loving and kind;
But if he as a man should his duty neglect,
Of me as a woman what can he expect,
No kicking or cuffing shall e'er do with me,

For as a wife and a Briton I'll ever be free;
Still my duty with cheerfulness I'll ever pursue,
But my husband to guide me he shall do so too,
Now this is my plan, girls, do you think I'm
to blame,

Exert then your courage, and stick to the same,
But my husband at present bids comfort for life,
And while I find him so, he will find me a
wife.

F I N I S.

